The Good - The Bad - The Ugly

Part 1

'Hickory Run' (The Ugly)

My #2 Son in Law knows about Home Building, Home Improving + Out Board Motors. But I love him even if he don't know any thing about Directions. Jim has to go over Conowingo just to go to Walmart or if he goes to Home Depot. Conawingo - Conawingo - Conawingo. If I hear it again I think I'll scream. Any way Marge + I decided we were going camping in Denver Pa. 'Hickory Run' I figured #2 always goes up 83 so we were going to try it. Before we left Baton we had to hook up the Trailer. But the little Do-Dad wouldn't stay up on the Trailer. + had Marge between the Van + Trailer holding it down with a 2x4 - I + mashed her fingers + would probaly never hear the end of it. We left home about 10 AM + headed around the Beltway. Just a few backups + we were on 83 North. We were rolling along pretty good + I was in the left lane, usualy in the right. Like a good driver I figured Check your Gauges. 'Alternator charging. Gas Tank Full' 'Speedometer 60'. I must tell you this first. I've been having a little trouble with my Temp. Gauge. Intermitten Trouble' Sometimes it's all the way up + sometimes it wont even move. But when I go to work on it, it starts working. So I wasn't to concerned when I didn't see the needle. Everything seemed o.k. Marge said are the windows starting to steam up or is it Fog. Then I started to notice

it too. I was to busy watching everybody in Balto. going to Pa. I m looking at the Temp gauge + I relize 'Its Out of Site' about Three Hundred Sixty Degrees. She said we better pull over. After about a mile we manged to get in the right lane + then we made th shoulder. I pulled over + ~~raized~~ raised the Hood + it looked like a Geyser. Steam was comcing from everwere. Marge got out + said you think we should go back Home? You know me!, thats the last thing were going to do. I had to shut it off because I couldn't even think about takeing the Rad. Cap off. I ve been burnt up a few times. I knew we had to sit awhile + wait awhile. We had the Trailer + Water. 'Right'. I whent to the traile + got the Tea Pot + turned the Pump on + the water ran real slow. But the Pump was running fast. Now 'I remember' I only put about five Galls in + the Tront of the Trailer was down a little bit. I finnaly got the cap off + jumped back. The hot water was shooting over the top of the 'Van' 'The windshield' 'The Roof' I knew we were going to need more water. I finnaly got it running again + dumped in th kettle of water and headed back to the Trailer + managed to get another kettle full

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& dumped it in. I would have given any thing to see a Trout Stream near by. Did you ever looke for a stream on Eighty Three. I looked in the Van & we had four Gal jugs of drinking water. I'm dumping the gallons in & Marge is opening them. 'Still Hot' We need more water I looked under the chairs in back of the Van & I remember a case of drinking water in pint Bottles. While I'm pouring them in Marge is opening them. Saying something like 'You think we outta go on back home?' I said keep working. After twenty two Bottles we finnaly got it full & the Temp was down. What I would ~~have~~ have given any thing to be rolling over 'Corowings'. The reason it overheated - I had failed emissions Test & I covered part of the radiator with cardboard & I had forgotten to take it out after I passed. Marge probaly should have reminded me. I stayed in the right lane all the way. Now I know how Sharon ~~feeled~~ felt watching that stupid Temp Gauge all the time. We finnaly hit Thirty East & then Two Seventy Two ~~East~~ North. Were making pretty good time now. Only about three hours so far. We pulled up to the Camp ground & this-old-old-old-man stopped us & ask us if we are camping. He doesn't know if we werent camping

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we would probaly still be in Dundalk He said 'Name' I told him Jim Martin He was on Marge's side of the Van. He didn't even look at me + said 'Name' And Marge said Jim Martin. He said 'No' I want your name. So she said Marge. The poor old guy said I dont see it here. Then she said the Camping trip was in her husband's name. Took for Jim Martin. Finnaly he said 'OH' Its not under Marge its under Jim O.K. Go ahead. Dont ever get Old. They had told us on the phone they only had a couple sites left. But never in my wildest dreams did I expect ~~it~~ this. It wasn't to swampy on the site but the lower road was all filled with water + gravel. We looked at the site, it was probaly the last of two they had. What could we do it was Haloween weak end, we didn't know that 'Bud' might have been able to get his Pop Up in with a little help. I tried + tried I'm almost as good as Dave. But no Dice. Half in + Half out we looked it over. First I told Marge If you can't see my Mirrors — I cant see you. I looked in the back + I could see this stump sticking up about two feet. I knew if that wasn't there I could probaly ~~I~~ come through these other campsites + get in. They probaly were out shopping. I went back

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& started kicking this stump & it ~~starting~~ started breaking, it came apart in three pieces. I hurried back & drove around & came around & over the little piece of stump & into our site. Marge said 'We're Camped' Let me back up a little bit. 'Conorongo' 'Conorongo' 'Conorongo'. That word haints me. On Eighty Tree North after the overheating stopped we came upon stopped-traffic completly. Then we would go about two or three car lengths & stop - and move again & stop. This went on for about five miles. Then we saw a sign saying 'Construction Ahead one mile. Left lane closed. I bet you can't guess which lane we were in. About an hour later were running out of Aces. I had my turn signals blinking like crazy no good - A guy driving a Cement Truck looked over at us & I told Marge to flash him or something. She didn't have to. He finnaly let us in. The Cones were all in the middle for about a another Mile & were doing about five Miles Per Hr. And then the cones stopped & both lanes were wide open. Then I could see what the Construction was. It was two pick ~~ups~~ trucks with shovels in them. There Was One White Hat - One

Blue Hat & Three Illeagles ~~Aliens~~ Immigrants ~~Workers~~ all takeing a nap. Is this a great Country or what. And while I'm thinking about it after we left Rt Thiry & Headed North on Two Seventy Two sign said 'Detour' Two Seventy Two North. It took us near Shupps Grove past Lancaster & Through ~~Epfarty~~ Ephrapa - finnaly we came out by the Green Dragon I knew we were OK then. ~~I have to tell you this. When we were hooking up to the Trailer I couln'd drive & hold this clip down on the Hitch by myself So I had Marge between the Van & the Trailer holding this Clip down with a two by four while I got it on the ball If I had broke her fingers I probaly never would have heard the end of it.~~

We got one fuzzy Channel on the T.V. & only one. We were down in a hole. It ~~seems~~ seems this women had back problems kidney problems & Breast Cancer. But by holding her hand on the TV Screen & the Preacher held ~~her~~ his hand on the screen. He Cured her. He gave her the address were to mail the check. When I think of all the money me & Marge could have saved it makes you sick.

(The Bad)

We have one drawer in our Trailer. Its kinda short because the Sinks are there

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Marge said I cant get the Drawer open. O.K. I'll be right with you. She's trying to cook Supper + I'm trying to get a Channel on the TV. I was doing something important. Put it this way - I was under the sink with every tool I own + she was kneeling on the floor with this little tripple A flashlight that she kept moving. We finnaly modified it by eliminating half ~~of~~ the track. We went to K Mart + bought a sliding lock after I drilled + hole in the side of the drawer. Works good now. O.K. Sat morning now + were going yard saleing. Remember the last time we were camped at Denver, there were yard sales everywhere. I think Doug + Rhonda + the Wolfs - + Blacks + the other Pullers. + maby The Buds. I don't know. Any way we drove all over Denver it must half taken us about a ½ hour. Can you believe it - Not one single yard sale in the whole town. Not One. We came out a different way + we were on Eight Ninety Seven - South. We didn't care - we were looking for signs. We didn't know on the weekend of Thirteenth + Fourteenth Nobody has a yard sale. ~~No Where~~ No Where. About Eleven o Clock we found one. The guy had a couple tables set up. He must had seen us because he starting coming out of his house, we didn't want to run off then We had to walk about fifty yards

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Thats about 'across' a Football Field. Marge was headed back to the Van. But I felt a little sorry for him. He said what were you looking for in paticular. I told him I was looking for an old Wringer Washer. He actualy looked around + said - No - I dont have one of them. He said look at that Hole Saw its only Fifty Cents So I bought it. Now I can put it with my other one in the Basement that I've never used. Besides that we were almost lost + we had to go back to the Trailer + have lunch because the Trick or Treaters were scduled to come around from Two Thirty to Four Thirty. By the way before we left home Marge was buying candy like it was going out of style. I had to stop her. She said 'Better Safe Than Sorry' Will those words ever haunt me! About Two Twenty they started comeing + comeing + Comeing We had this big plastic Bowell sitting on a little folding table next to us. She went back in + brought out two more bags + they kept comeing. I thought Rabon Ave was bad but never in our wildest dreams did we know + there were so many Kids + teen-agers camped there. We were watching the clock. They said Two Thirty till Four Thirty. We ~~was~~ brought out the last of eight bags + we had forty minutes left + here they come again. We let them pick out these ones. Most took only one piece. Some of the little kids asked

Can we have a Sucker + a Skittle + we said sure: Just a couple suckers left + it was Four Twenty. So we did like other people we took the Bowell + went inside. I was kneeling down & Marge was hideing in the Bathroom. This one Kid must have seen us because he knocked on the Door + said real loud. Trick or Treet Mister. What could I do I opened the door a little bit + gave him one of my Reeses Cups + he said can I have one for my Sister. I gave it to him + told him dont come back because we were takeing a nap. It must have worked + we were able to come out about a Quater To Five. The temp. dropped + it was freezing But we had burned most of our firewood Friday Night. You heard about ('The Ugly') + ('The Bad') + now ('The Good')

('The Good')

We had our campfire going like we usaly do + it had did something it hadn't did in my Eighty Two years. I 'bought' a bundle of fire-wood + we were halfway through it + it was only Quater to Seven. When out of the Blue these people with one of those Golf carts with a little Trailer on back pulled right into our campsite + said it lookes like you guys need some fire wood. It was him & his Wife + a Teenager in there next campsite. They started unloading -

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& piling it. Put it this way we had the-biggest-colorfull fire in the whole neighborhood. Fast forwarding just a little bit when we left Sunday we left quite a bit for some other campers, Back to the campfire. People were comeing around to check on us. Did we need any thing or any help. They probaly thought these poor old couple will need help. Another thing that gets to me. I get tired of hearing about Family Camping - Family this & Family that Kids - Grankids - Great Gran Kids getting on our nerves. We know how to camp by ourselves. We don't need the Dawgs & the Buds & the Joeys. & The Wolfs & all them Kates & Joshes & Them Blacks We know how to do stuff Like Marshmallows & Smores & games & stuff. So I'm going to top it off. It's about Eleven O Clock now & Marge went to bed. I just went outside to look around. Ours is the only Trailer I ~~recognize~~ recognize. All the camp fires are out & its real quite. Do you know what. God We Miss Our Family. I'll say it again. God We Miss Our Family. Don't ever let us go Camping without Our Family Again.

Jim & Marge

P.S. Tell - What's his* name I still love him.

#2

P.P.S. ——— OVER

I still had one thing to add to 'Ugly'. I had the hot coals going & the Grill going. I had the Potatoes baked & turning soft. Every thing was perfect. I put the Foil on & punched little holes all over. Then I put Butter all over it & I was ready. Marge brought the Pork Chops out & I put em on the grill. It was a four pack of thin 'Quick fry' Chops. You know I cant cook so — Marge kept a eye on me. At about the right time I turned them over. I put the Bar B Que SAUCE on two of them. The potatoes were perfect - The Green Beans were ready The Coffee was hot. I brought the Chops in & we were ready. A guy on our only station on TV had a nervous twitch & prostate problems, I didn't even wait for the Preacher to cure him. I turned it off & Turned my attention to Dinner. Marge said I think the Pork Chops are ~~tough~~ tough. I tried & couldn't cut them with a Steak Knife. I even tried to eat one like the Colonel's Chicken with my fingers. Forget it. We put em in the trash & had Baked potatoes Green Beans & Donuts. I only said you know were not going to stand still for this. All she said was 'I know'. Any way Monday morning about Ten O Clock I was back to Mars. I told the Butcher the story in a few Moments & he said

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Its really nothing I can do about it run-
-till the Manager ~~tells me~~ tells me. I
said OK - Point him out to me. He said
he's in that office right up there. I went
to the office + a girl was there so I
had to tell her about it. She said - do
you have your receipt. I said I did
what I usaly do with them I probaly
~~threw~~ threw it into the trash. Who saves
receipts from the Food Store. About that
time a Guy comes from around the Partition +
says. I heard the ~~ob~~ whole story + he says
do you have your receipt? I said you say
you heard the whole story, I'm not go-
-ing through it again. He was the Store Manager.
He said do you want your money back. I said
no! I just want some decent Pork Chops. He
took me back to the Butcher + told him
to give me some new Pork Chops. Long Story
short. We had them for supper tonight +
they were perfect.

Jim

- Like I said -
'I want my Family'

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